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Original Poetry.

TO MISS S. B.,
OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thou maiden bright and beautiful! my thoughts are still of thee,
And memories of the pleasant past are thronging back to me;
One image dwells within my heart, that has no other known,—
The sweetest hope of future years,—fair maiden, 'tis thine own!

Thou maiden bright and beautiful! would I could see thee now!
The rose that on thy damask cheek—the lily on thy brow—
The smiles which mantling o'er thy face like light on rosy snow,
Have made my heart beat quick and high to win their kindling glow.

Ah, distant weaves a potent spell to keep us thus apart,
But stronger far must be that spell which keeps from thee my heart,—
And potent, too, must be that power which keeps me long from thee,—
Thou fairest image of my heart, most beautiful S. B.

I know a promise that a youth once from a maiden won—
She, too, was beautiful as light, fair flow'ret of the sun!—
It was that "*she should think of him as he would think of her*—"
And oh, what dreams of future joy that thought in him would stir.

They parted, that no name for him from her he could not part,
For all unknown to her, perhaps, he left with her his heart—
With her, to whom when far away that heart's best hopes would cling,
And the memories of that promise won fresh happiness would bring.

But did she think upon the hope that cheered him while afar,
Remembering that she was to him life's bright and radiant star?—
Or did it need the poet's pen to wake with verses' spell,
Forgotten memories of the past?—fair maiden, prithee tell!

Philadelphia, Sept., 1847. FITZ JAMES.

THE EMIGRANT LOVER'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Come with me to my cot in the far green wood,
By a streamlet that laughs in musical mood,
Where the gay deer sport, and the merry birds sing,
And the free heart bounds like a gladsome thing.

Come with me to my cot, come with me, love, come,
Away from the world, and its busy hum,
And the hollow of heart, and the dazzling show,
And the walks of crime, and the wail of woe.

Come with me to my cot, where will greet thy ear
Such music alone as thou lovest to hear,
Where thy glance shall grow bright as it gazes around,
On the sweetest spot the eye ever found.

And thy life shall pass like a summer shower,
'Mid the fairy spell of Love's magic power,
And thy lips shall murmur in praise of the spot,
And the hour thou wert bride of my woodland cot.

Original Tales.

NEVER TOO LATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls. I would say to them—'Lift up your heads and confide in the future, and believe that it is never too late.'"—Miss Bremer.

"Have faith in time, dear sister! Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith."

"Time may encrust our feelings. Time may throw over them the pall of insensibility. But is such a state to be desired? Do you call that happiness? Rather let my heart pulsate in agony until its last convulsive throe. I ask not this lethean."

"Time has a higher mission than that, Edith. Time has a true healing power."

"But it is merely external, Agnes. Deep wounds of the spirit are not to be healed in time nor by time."

"They must be healed in time, sister, if ever healed at all. And this healing does not proceed from external to internal; but in true order, from intimate principles, by means of the most ultimate, even until health reigns throughout the entire empire of the mind, proceeding, first, from what is interior, and filling all, even to what is lowest and exterior. Lift up, then, your head, dear sister! and have faith in time. Believe me, it is never too late."

Thus spoke Agnes May to her younger sister, who was passing through deep waters. Agnes, who was older by many years, uttered no idle words in what she said. She had, herself, been a sufferer, and had come out from the glowing crucible, purified by affliction. She, therefore, could have faith in time. She knew that it was never too late to be happy. That time was the healer of wounds, the dryer of tears, the great restorer."

But Edith, poor suffering Edith! could not believe that time had power to dry her tears. Their fountain was in her heart, and she felt that the spring was unfailing.

Agnes was older than her sister by more than ten years. They had been separated early in life, in consequence of the death of their parents. Agnes found a home with a widowed aunt in moderate circumstances, and Edith, who was a beautiful child, was adopted by her uncle on the father's side, and raised by him with affectionate care.

During the ten or fifteen years that first elapsed after the death of their parents, Agnes and Edith met but seldom. They moved in different circles—one, as she emerged into womanhood amid the gay scenes of fashionable life, the other in a quiet, unobtrusive, humble sphere. Each had her peculiar experiences.

The aunt with whom Agnes found a home, had passed through many troubles; but out of them all she had come, better and wiser for her trials. Many lessons of wisdom were imparted to her niece, and, by example as well as precept, she led the opening and maturing mind of Agnes to perceive the true beauty and excellence of a patient, hopeful spirit, even under the darkest aspect of human affairs.

At the age of twenty-three, Agnes met with the severest trial a young heart ever endures, in the faithlessness of one into whose keeping she had entrusted her first and best affections. Many days of darkness succeeded, and she had little hope of ever seeing the clouds that hung over her so thickly disperse. A few years later, and while there was still a deep shadow upon her spirit, the best friend she had known since her mother's death, was removed by a like affliction. Her aunt changed her earthly for a Heavenly existence, and left her friendless, so far as all the means of support were concerned. Her uncle, Mr. Greenleaf, with whom Edith had found a home, so far from taking any interest in Agnes, had always felt a prejudice against her, and discouraged all intercourse between the sisters. The consequence was, they seldom met. When her aunt died, no notice was taken of her by Mr. Greenleaf. Edith visited her for a few times, and sincerely condoled with her in her affliction. But there was little sympathy between the sisters—and their intercourse soon became as formal as before. It was a matter of self-respect on the part of Agnes, and had been so for some years, not to visit at her uncle's house. She, therefore, never saw Edith, unless by special visit from the latter; and as these visits were never very frequent, and always characterized by reserve, they rather separated from each other than drew together.

In order to sustain herself, Agnes, who had received from her aunt the advantages of a good education, sought employment as a music teacher.—Her taste and ability soon procured her many scholars, and introduced her into families of wealth and fashion. This fact soon became known to Edith, greatly to her astonishment and mortification.

She had called, one morning, upon a fashionable acquaintance, and was sitting in the parlor waiting for her to come down, when Agnes came into the room, accompanied by two young ladies, sisters of her friend. They proceeded to the piano, Agnes not noticing the presence of her sister. Her business there was soon no problem to the mind of Edith. It was the first intimation she had received of the fact that Agnes had become a music teacher, and her chagrin at finding her in the family of one of her fashionable acquaintances, may well be imagined.

In a little while, Edith was joined by her friend. They withdrew into the next parlor, and closed the folding doors, the friend remarking, as they did so—

"The girls are taking their music lesson this morning, so we will go in here and be by ourselves."

There was nothing in the way this was said, which left Edith to infer that Agnes was known as her sister. But that the fact would become known, she felt to be inevitable. She did not stay long, and when she left the house of her friend, returned immediately home, and made known the mortifying fact she had encountered.

"Impossible!" said Mr. Greenleaf.

"Impossible!" echoed the aunt.

"It is too true. I saw her with my own eyes," returned Edith, weeping with mortification.

"It must not be permitted," said Mr. Greenleaf. "You must go and see her, Edith, and tell her, that if she is under the necessity of doing this for a support, I will pay her boarding."

"I am afraid it will be of no use, uncle," returned Edith. "Agnes is proud, spirited, and independent. She will not accept your kindness."

"Not accept it!"

"I fear not."

"Yes she will. Giving music lessons cannot be so very pleasant an occupation that she will prefer it to ease and comfort at home. See her at any rate."

"I will, and use my best efforts to induce her to abandon what she is doing."

Edith called upon her sister, and made known the object of her visit, with her uncle's proposition.

"Tell Uncle Greenleaf," Agnes replied, promptly, yet with great composure, "that I am obliged to him for his offer, but cannot accept it."

"He will be much displeased if you do not," said Edith.

"Why should he? He has no claim upon me for obedience."

"But something is due from you to his social standing. How will it look for you, his niece, to be employed as music teacher in families where we visit on terms of intimacy? Think of that, Agnes!"

The sister looked into the fair young face of Edith, at first with a rising emotion of anger. But this she quickly stifled, and, in a low, quiet, yet firm voice, replied—

"Tell your uncle to forget that he has a niece named Agnes."

"Agnes——"

"Sister! let me once, and for all, tell you that I am not to be influenced by any considerations that you or Uncle Greenleaf can offer. I do not wish to trouble you in any way, and will not do so, intentionally. But it is my duty to use the ability I have for my own support."

"But uncle offers to—"

"I will not accept his offer!" Agnes replied, with an expression of indignant impatience that she could not suppress. "What claim have I upon him. Shall I sit down, meanly, and fold my hands, as an idle pensioner upon his pride? It is useless to talk to me in this way, Edith. I am not to be moved from the doing of what my conscience tells me is right."

Edith went back and reported the result of her interview, much to the chagrin of Mr. Greenleaf, who felt angry at the independent girl. No further attempt was made to influence her, but she was never recognized by her sister when they chanced to meet at the houses of her fashionable acquaintances, among whom it happened that most of her lessons were given. Her relationship to Edith, however, was generally well known, and the fact made varied impressions, according to the modes of thinking and feeling of those who heard it.

It was something of a trial for Agnes to meet her sister and be passed by her as a stranger; but her mind, rising by the pain it had suffered, was coming into a clear region, and she was able to excuse, to some extent, the conduct of one who had been nurtured in a sickly atmosphere, and among those who had false views of life.

In the course of a year or two, the more than common ability possessed by Agnes procured her extensive employment in her profession, and gave her an income that exceeded her wants. But this did not cause her to relax her efforts. She had seen more of life during that time than she had ever before seen, and had learned to think in a higher and clearer region of the mind. The necessity to do something for a subsistence, forced her out into the world to use the skill and knowledge she possessed, at a time when she was sinking, half-paralized by affliction, and suffering keenly the pangs of a wounded spirit. In doing what she felt to be her duty, her mind had been sustained to a degree that filled her with surprise when she reflected upon it. Her thoughts flowed in a healthier channel, and her heart beat with a more even and a calmer motion. There were many who pitied her lonely condition, and sympathized with her in the necessity that required her to devote herself so steadily to her profession; but, in most cases, she was happier than those who felt commisseration for her lot. Thus, as time progressed, the mind of Agnes became elevated, purified and filled with a religious trust.

Scarcely had the heart of Edith unfolded itself in the warm springtime of young womanhood, ere her sky became overcast. The worldly affairs of her uncle fell into disorder, and his family were compelled to take a lower place in society than the one they had occupied. This was a sad trial to the selfish pride of Edith. But a deeper grief awaited her.

The beauty of Edith, as well as her position, attracted many to her side, who sought to inspire her heart with more than a sentiment of friendship. Among the most favored of these, were a young man named Carson, and one named Percival. Both were unremitting in their attentions, but Carson first made her an offer of marriage, which was highly approved by her uncle and aunt. Had all the influences acting upon the young girl been equally balanced, Percival would have been the object of her choice. He was not so highly connected as Carson, nor were his external conditions and prospects in life so good. But there was a more manly impression in his character, and Edith felt that there was a more genuine warmth about his heart. But, the ardor with which Carson pressed forward, secured him the maiden's consent to become his wife. A few weeks afterwards Percival, unaware of what had taken place, declared the love that was in his heart, and received for answer that it was too late.

For some time after Edith had thus become advised of the fact that Percival was also a lover, she felt more than a passing regret that he had not told his love before. But, in a little while, this feeling subsided. The closer intercourse which a betrothment warranted, soon hid the impression Percival had made upon her heart.

Two months before the time appointed for the marriage to take place, Mr. Greenleaf's embarrassments became known in business circles. None was more astonished than Carson. None was more disturbed by the event than he. Edith was the adopted child of Mr. Greenleaf, and Mr. Greenleaf had been thought by every one to be a man of very considerable wealth. His niece would come in, eventually, for a large share of this, and he, as the husband of the niece, would be the real possessor of all that she might receive.

Carson was hardly aware that such thoughts had passed through his mind, or in any way influenced his feelings for Edith, until the news of the wreck of Mr. Greenleaf's affairs reached his ears. Then his real motives were so clearly apparent to himself, that he felt a momentary disgust at his own cupidity. But the new circumstance that had transpired, altered so materially the whole aspect of affairs, that the question of fulfilling his engagement with Edith came up immediately for serious discussion. Long was the debate continued. The love he really felt for her, seconded by shame and pride, argued long for justice and right, but the voice of other and inordinately selfish considerations, was louder, and, in the end, it was deliberately determined to break the solemn contract that had been made. Pity for Edith was for a time felt; but that he called a weakness which must be overcome.

Very soon after the change in her uncle's circumstances had taken place, Edith noticed, with a thrill of alarm, that her lover's visits were fewer, and that his manner was not the same. She was not long kept in doubt; for, within a month of the time fixed for the wedding, Carson, under some pretence, not at all satisfactory to the mind of his betrothed, asked to have the marriage postponed.

Too well did Edith understand the meaning of this; for the very manner of her lover betrayed what was in his heart. Wounded pride inspired her with a momentary indignation, and enabled her to say, with a quivering lip, but flashing eye—

"Mr. Carson! You are free!"

The young man arose, bowed low, and hastily retired. They never met afterwards, except as strangers!

The reverses which had overtaken Mr. Greenleaf proved to be utterly disastrous. Within a year he was reduced to great extremity and died, leaving his wife and niece penniless and friendless.

Poor Edith! Into what a great deep of misery had she suddenly gone down. Two years had elapsed since her last meeting with her sister, towards whom she had never felt any real sympathy. Now her thoughts turned towards her from a kind of natural impulse, and she felt as if it would be some relief to her wildly throbbing heart if she could lay her head upon her bosom, feel her hand upon her forehead, and hear her voice speaking some words of comfort. [illegible] from that sister, and she could not go to her now. But Agnes, so soon as she heard of her uncle's death, hastened to visit Edith. She found her mind in a sad state of depression. The defection of her lover had almost broken her heart, and rendered her desperate and impious in her affliction.

"Have faith in time, dear sister!" she said, as soon as she could begin to assume the office of comforter. "Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. It is never too late to be happy, Edith."

The answer of the poor sufferer to this has already been given. Edith could not confide in the future—she could not believe that "It is never too late." But, at each interview, Agnes steadily sought to inspire her with confidence in the future.

"Our life," she would sometimes say, "is not made up of disjointed, unharmonious portions. An affliction is not a thing isolated as it were from every thing else, and having no bearing upon the whole development and perfection of our characters. Far from it, my sister! There is no circumstance of our lives that is not one in a chain of circumstances all looking to our purification and consequent happiness. We must wait patiently, taking care to do our duty in the present, for the final result. Believe me, sister, that this is true, and take hope. I have proved that it is so. I have passed through deep waters, as deep, perhaps, as those through which you are now passing, but they did not overwhelm my fainting, coward spirit."

The circumstances in which the death of Mr. Greenleaf left his widow and niece, were most trying. Already had they been reduced to extremity, and only subsisted upon a light salary which he was able to get as a clerk. His death cut off all income. Added to affliction, came, therefore, the appalling sense of destitution.

"What are we to do? How are we to live?" were the ever recurring questions.

"You have health and ability, Edith," said Agnes to her one day. "The one will enable you to exercise the other. For you to sit idle, now, is wrong, and only increases your unhappiness. You love your aunt, to whom you are indebted for all the affection and care of a mother. Does not this love prompt you to do something in return for all you have received? Does not the education for which you are indebted to her and your uncle furnish you the means of supplying all your wants? It does, Edith."

These words of her sister caused the unhappy girl to burst into tears. They gave her to see clearly her duty, while she felt a most bitter reluctance to enter upon that duty. The bare thought of it caused a cold shiver to pass through her frame.

"What can I do?" she forced herself to ask.

"What have I done, Edith? What am I now doing?"

Edith's only reply was another gush of tears. To expose herself in families where she had once been on terms of equality and intimacy as a music teacher! No! No! She could not endure the thought for a moment. Agnes saw what was in her mind, and asked—

"Is there anything wrong in learning music, drawing, or the languages?"

"Certainly not," replied Edith, in a tone expressive of surprise at the question.

"If none in learning, what makes the wrong in teaching them, sister?"

"I did not say there was anything wrong in teaching them."

"Why, then, should you feel so distressed at the thought of becoming a teacher, when, thereby, you may have the means of supporting your aunt and yourself comfortably? Should not the bare suggestion of the thing fill you rather with joy than grief."

Edith laid her head down upon the breast of her sister and abandoned herself to a fresh burst of feeling. After this had subsided, she lifted herself up, and looking earnestly into the face of Agnes, said—

"I cannot do it! Indeed I cannot!"

"Do not say that, Edith," returned Agnes, in a cheerful voice, smiling as she spoke. "Do not say that you cannot do what your own heart tells you is right."

Edith remained silent.

"There is only one way to be happy in this life, sister," said Agnes. "Only one way to rise above the depressive power of grief—and that is in doing something. The old monk who said, 'Work is worship,' might also have said—'work is happiness'—for it is certain that without some kind of labor, either of the body or mind, resulting in benefit to others, no one can be happy. It is a truth that every one receives with reluctance, and yet it is one that nearly all have to practice either of choice or necessity. By a dispensation of Providence your aunt, who has been to you as a mother, is thrown upon your hands, deeply afflicted, for support. Can there be a question as to what it is your duty to do? Surely not! Can you hesitate under the false suggestions of pride? My sister has certainly not reflected. Be brave, be true-hearted, Edith. Look to what is right and do it, and you will be sustained. Can you for a moment regard the opinions of those who knew you no longer after fortune ceased to smile?—who cared not for your personal quality, but only for your external condition? Look not back, sister. Let the past, with its history, be sealed up. But look forward in hope. Ask yourself, earnestly, what it is your duty to do, and that duty enter upon with a resolute spirit. Think of this, sister, and when I next see you, let me find you prepared to go forward, with a firm step, in the way that is now made plain before you."

What Agnes said could not fail to have an effect upon the mind of her sister; seconded as it was by the peculiar nature of the circumstances by which she was surrounded. When Agnes called to see her again, she was better prepared to listen to her suggestions; and now the question as to what she could and ought to do, came up for consideration.

"I do not think I could give lessons in music with any success," she said.

"Good French teachers can always find employment. How are you in French?"

"I have been told by natives of France, that I speak it with great purity."

"Do you think you could teach it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. You need no longer despair. If a situation as French teacher in some school cannot be obtained, private classes may be formed."

But Edith could not see how this was to be done. She had arrived at the point of willingness to teach, if she could obtain employment. But how to get the employment passed her ability to comprehend. In Agnes, however, she had a ready prompter. Through her suggestions and influence, she was able to get the situation of French teacher in a newly established seminary for young ladies, with a salary of four hundred dollars a year. This was better for her than giving lessons in private families; and was not so great a trial to her feelings as that would have been.

The purely disinterested conduct of Agnes opened the eyes of Mrs. Greenleaf to the genuine excellence of her character, and she could not help expressing to her what she felt, and regretting that she had not, long before, rightly appreciated her. This expression touched the heart of Agnes in turn. Since the death of her aunt, she had felt the want of some one in whom she could confide—some one upon whom, in states of recurring weakness of spirit, she could lean. It did not take long for them all to understand each other better, and to draw closer together with reviving affection, the more intimate this knowledge became. In a little while, one home contained them all—and Agnes contributed as freely of her earnings for the sustenance and comfort of that home, as her [illegible].

"I said it was never too late, you remember," Agnes remarked to her, some months after an arrangement, so agreeable to all, had been entered upon. This was said in the pause of a more than usually cheerful conversation. "Time works wonders."

"It does. I never could have believed it possible for me to feel as I have felt for some weeks past. I cannot say that I feel happy. I never expect that. But I am not unhappy. And how great a gain this is, I need not say."

"It is never too late to be happy, Edith," replied Agnes, "and this I hope to live to see you prove. Happiness, as I have often before said to you, comes from no external condition; but is the result of an internal, gradually progressing change, by which our minds, from disorder, are restored to order. The use of afflicting and disturbing circumstances, is to break up false and selfish states of mind, to the end that newer and better ones may be formed. It is but fair, then, to infer, that in the progress of time, external circumstances will conspire with internal changes, to give the spirit a higher degree of happiness than it ever did, or ever could know in former and more selfish states."

"I can understand you better than I did before, for I have a type of what you mean in the changes I have already experienced."

At the end of a year, Edith could speak with composure of the false-hearted Carson, and feel thankful that she had been saved from the miseries of a union with one who did not love her for herself alone. Time united the hearts of the three afflicted ones more and more closely together, until they ceased to think of bereavement and affliction.

"It is true as you said, Agnes. Time is the great restorer—the healer of wounds—the dryer of tears. I have been feeling and seeing this more and more clearly for a long time."

"And yet clearer and clearer will be its manifestation to your heart, Edith, I trust. The sudden storms that come in the spring-time of life, soon pass away. The darkening heavens fill us with alarm, and the fierce wind and rain sometimes destroy the opening blossoms of hope and love. But the warmer airs of summer, and the gentle rains and refreshing dews, bring forth other blossoms, from which fruit comes in the calm and peaceful autumn."

"It is never too late," responded Edith, with a placid smile.

"No, sister, never too late!" And Agnes kissed, with some emotion, the fair young cheek of Edith.

A few days subsequent to this, Edith started to come home from the seminary where she was employed as a teacher, later than usual. The evening twilight had began to fall. She had gone about half the distance, when a man accosted her rudely. She walked on more rapidly, and he followed close by her side. Frightened and confused, she started to run, when he caught her hand and held it tightly. An involuntary cry for help escaped her lips. At this instant a gentleman on the opposite side of the street, who had noticed the rudeness, came quickly over. At his approach the villain took to his heels and ran off.

"Miss May! Is it possible!" he exclaimed, so soon as he saw that it was Edith.

The frightened girl was panting so that she could not, for a few moments, articulate. As soon as she was able to speak, she said, in a trembling voice,

"Accept my thanks, Mr. Percival, for your protection."

"The scoundrel! If I could have got my hands on him!"

The young man spoke with a suddenly aroused indignation.

"Let me see you safely home," he added, offering an arm, which Edith took. He could feel her light hand tremble. For a short distance they walked along in silence.

"You are out rather late," the young man then remarked. He felt that it was necessary to say something.

"Yes," she replied, "later than usual. The days are short, and my class is large."

"You are teaching, then?"

"Yes. I give French lessons in Madame Millon's Seminary." Edith spoke without embarrassment.

"Indeed!"

For a short distance farther they again walked on in silence.

"Did your uncle leave nothing to his family when he died?" asked Percival.

"Nothing," replied Edith.

"And you are compelled to teach French for your own support?"

"And that of my aunt."

"Is it possible! I did not know this."

After another pause, the young man said—

"Do you not find your duties very fatiguing and irksome?"

"Not now."

"They were at first?"

"Yes. But I perform them cheerfully now."

"How is your aunt, Mrs. Greenleaf?"

"She is well."

"And cheerful as you are?"

"Yes. We have all learned the happy art of being content with our lot."

"Then you have learned more than is ordinarily learned in a whole lifetime."

As Percival said this, Edith paused. They stood before a small but neat house.

"This is our home," she said. "For your timely protection and kindness in accompanying me, I sincerely thank you."

Percival took the maiden's hand as they were about separating. His ear had detected a slight quivering of her voice as she uttered the last sentence; and now he perceived a low tremor in her hand, that he still held in his own, while his eyes were fixed upon her face, but dimly seen in the deepening twilight. A few moments passed, and then the door of Edith's home closed between them, and Percival walked slowly away with his eyes cast upon the pavement.

The sleep of Edith that night was not so quiet and dreamless as it had been for months. In the morning, she came down with a slightly flushed cheek. Through the day she found it almost impossible to fix her mind upon the lessons it was her duty to impart, and when evening came, she felt a sense of relief in escaping from the crowded rooms. She was walking slowly towards home, with her eyes upon the ground, when she started suddenly at hearing her name pronounced by a well-remembered voice. She looked up, and met the eyes of Percival fixed earnestly upon her. A deep crimson suffused her face, and to his kind salutation she could not command her voice sufficiently to reply. The young man turned and walked by her side for some distance. He then said,—

"It is more than two years, Edith, since I ventured to tell you what was in my heart, when I learned, much to my grief and disappointment, that I had preferred my suit too late. No, let me not say too late, but too soon. There have been changes since then, Edith, but I have remained the same; and thus far my regard for you is higher and my love intenser than it was then, for I had thought the fire through which you have passed has tried and proved you. I now renew the offer I then made—can you, will you accept it?"

Taken thus by surprise, the bewildered but happy girl scarcely knew how to reply. Though her face was partly turned away, Percival perceived that her bosom was heaving rapidly. Hurriedly, yet as clearly as she could think, did Edith reflect upon her position, and seek to determine how she ought to speak and act. At length, with a tremulous voice, she said—

"You have spoken with so little disguise to me, that I feel bound to speak in return, as freely to you. Had your first offer been made before I accepted [illegible] your intentions [illegible]"

"Then you do not reject my suit now?"

"I would be false to my own heart were I to do so," was the maiden's frank reply.

A few months only elapsed before Edith was the happy mistress of the true heart and elegant home of her husband, Edgar Percival, and took her place once more in the higher social circles, with a companion equally worthy of the elevation as Agnes.

"It is never too late," significantly remarked Agnes, as she sat holding the hand of her sister, on the day succeeding her marriage.

"No, never too late. Time is the great restorer," answered Edith, while the tears of joy sprung to her eyes.

The virtues, accomplishments and great moral worth of Agnes May, could not remain hidden in the more conspicuous place which she now occupied as the companion of her sister. One who could appreciate and love the qualities she possessed, because they corresponded to the excellencies of his own character, sought and won her regard.

"It is never too late," Edith said in turn, as she sat by the side of Agnes, half an hour after her sister had said her solemn marriage vow.

"No, never," was the calmly spoken answer.

Original Poetry.

KOSCIUSKO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY NEMO.

[The life of Thaddeus Kosciusko is closely interwoven with history, and his fate familiar to American readers. Kosciusko gave his heart, in early life, to a Polish lady—Louisa Sosnowski [illegible] *Dictionnaire de l'Histoire and Domestic Life.*]

[illegible]

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept., 1847.

A Puzzle.—A writer in the Baptist Register proposes the following inquiry:—If a Mr. Randall is blessed with a son, whom he names Ezra, and if Mr. R. upon the death of Ezra's mother, marries the daughter of Mr. Alvord, who a few years before had married a second wife, and subsequently, by a second wife, is blessed with a daughter, that is named Mary, [illegible] Mrs. Randall, [illegible] Mary Alvord, [illegible] his children to his father's wife?

Shop Lifting.—A country gentleman passing down Ludgate Hill, the other day, was struck with [illegible] London has become [illegible] shoplifting is carried on openly to such an extent.

Pictures of Life.

THE FIEND'S FISHPOND.
AN INCIDENT OF CIVIL WAR.

About the middle of the month of June, 1835, the city of Bilboa, in northern Spain, then held by a strong garrison of the Christino troops, was invested by the Carlist force under the immediate command of the celebrated Tomas Zumalacarregui. The queen's troops were well supplied with provisions, arms, and all the munitions of war, and enjoyed, besides, an uninterrupted communication with the sea, which was little more than four miles distant, by the river Nervion, on the banks of which Bilboa is situated; whilst the appointments of the besieging army were so utterly wretched in every particular, that nothing but the strongly-urged personal request of Don Carlos himself induced Zumalacarregui, much against the dictates of his own better judgment, to enter on the task at all.

The feeble operations of the besieging force had proceeded for about ten days—Zumalacarregui having been removed to a distance, in consequence of a wound received on the second day of the siege, which ultimately caused his death—when, an hour after nightfall, a young man, enveloped in a large cloak, underneath which he wore the uniform of a Carlist officer, entered the grounds adjoining an elegant mansion situated close to the sea-shore, on the opposite bank of the river to that occupied by the forces of Don Carlos. The officer was the only son, indeed the only child, of Don Ricardo Silva, the proprietor of the house and grounds. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had taken up arms as a volunteer in the Carlist cause, and at an early period had been rewarded for his gallantry and zeal with a commission. From that time circumstances had not permitted him to revisit his parental home until now, when, the regiment to which he was attached forming a part of the force investing Bilboa, he gladly availed himself of what he deemed a favorable opportunity for that purpose. Before leaving the Carlist camp, he made inquiry of a soldier named Murito, serving in the ranks of his own battalion—who had deserted from the Christino garrison at the commencement of the siege, and who might be supposed to be tolerably well acquainted with the habits of the queen's troops in the locality—as to the danger he was likely to incur of falling in with any of them on that side of the river, which was occupied by them exclusively. The man assured him that, even previous to the investment of the place, the troops were not allowed to remain without the gates after sunset on any pretext; and that he might proceed after that hour to his father's residence, and return in perfect safety, provided his stay was not prolonged beyond sunrise on the following morning. Relying on this assurance, therefore, Lieutenant Silva had proceeded on foot along the river on that side occupied by the Carlists, until he had arrived opposite his father's mansion, when, hailing a fisherman, he was ferried across, and in a few minutes more was sheltered beneath the parental roof.

On the warmth of the greeting which welcomed been exposed to all the vicissitudes of a cruel and exterminating warfare, we need not dwell. Under such circumstances, it will be readily conceived that by the little party, composed of the young man and his parents, the lapse of time was unheeded: minutes and hours flew swiftly by. Midnight had long been past; but as the lieutenant proposed starting on his return by daybreak, beyond which time it would be imprudent for him to remain on the Christino side of the river, none thought of retiring to rest. It wanted still some hours of dawn, when, during a momentary pause in the [illegible] tion, a distant tinkling sound, borne [illegible] wind, caused the youth to start from [illegible] throw open the casement, which looked [illegible] lawn in front of the mansion. A moment of breathless suspense followed, then a freshening of the breeze, and with it a renewal of the sound, which his practised ear now readily distinguished as the ringing of hoofs and the clank of cavalry equipments. Such sounds heard on *this* side of the river plainly told him that the enemy was at hand, and needed not the additional evidence to that effect which was furnished in another minute by the sight of the lance-flags and shakos, the shape of which, sharply defined and relieved against the bright moonlit sky, bespoke the appearance of a Christino squadron. At the same time they left the high road, and entering the grounds of Don Ricardo, advanced at a rapid pace towards the house; thus rendering their intention, however mysterious the source of their information, but too obvious—the arrest of the Carlist officer.

Lieutenant Silva and his parents were too well acquainted with the atrocious and unrelenting system of extermination which characterised the proceedings of the belligerent parties in the Carlist war, not to know that arrest under such circumstances was synonymous with death; that should a Christino prison once close upon him, it would open only to conduct him to a bloody grave. Paralysed by the unexpected appearance of the foe, the alarmed group stood for a few seconds in a state of indecision. The young soldier was the first to recover presence of mind. Extinguishing the lights which stood on the table, he announced his intention of descending into the Fiend's Fishpond, whence, after the withdrawal of the Christinos, he could be easily extricated, and ferried across the river. The Fiend's Fishpond was a frightful pit in the garden immediately behind the mansion, similar in form to a draw-well, and about twenty feet in diameter, produced apparently by some convulsion of nature, and deriving its singular appellation from some wild legend having its origin in the superstition of the neighboring peasantry. Being situated within a few yards of the shore, a subterraneous communication existed between it and the sea, which had never indeed been explored, but the existence of which was evident from the fact, that the water in the Fishpond rose and fell with the tide. To a distance of several fathoms below the surface of the earth, the sides of the pit were straight and smooth as a wall; but it had been ascertained that, at a considerable depth, a projecting ledge of rock, a couple of feet in breadth, ran round its entire circumference, which at low water was left completely bare, and on which, at such times, one might sit or stand in safety for some hours—it being again submerged by the rising of the water to the depth of three or four fathoms, according to the state of the tide, whether spring or neap. When crossing the river from the Carlist side, the young man had observed that the tide was rapidly falling; and knowing from the interval that had elapsed, that it must be now about low water, he prepared at once for the descent. This was an achievement which, however frightful to look upon, was in reality not attended with any excessive danger to one of steady nerves, when properly assisted from above; his ultimate safety, of course, depending on his being withdrawn before the rising of the tide. In fact, young Silva had more than once performed the feat in his boyish days, and now felt no hesitation in resorting to it again as the only means of escape from a remorseless and unsparing enemy. In a much shorter time, therefore, than the brief alarm, than we have taken to describe the spot, he stood with his agitated father at the mouth of the black and gaping chasm, from which distinctly ascended the hoarse bellowing of the vexed torrent far below, as it rushed through the concealed outlet to the sea. A stout rope secured round his middle, the young man let himself cautiously over the edge; the remainder of the coil being wound round the trunk of a tree, whilst Don Ricardo [illegible] paying it out by degrees, [illegible] few anxious minutes, the Don felt the strain relax, a proof that the young man had reached his resting-place, then the vibration of the cord announced that he had cast it off, and then a shout from below conveyed the signal to withdraw it. The only approach for horsemen through the grounds being very circuitous, Don Ricardo was enabled to reach the house and take his seat in the drawing-room before the dragoons pulled up at the door.

A dozen of their number instantly dismounted, and surrounded the house, whilst their officers knocked loudly for admittance. The door having been opened by Don Ricardo in person—the domestics having long before retired to rest, as it was not deemed prudent to inform them of the presence of the young man—the Christino leader recognized him at once as evidently the proprietor of the mansion.

"You keep late hours, Don Ricardo Silva," he commenced. "May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have had any visitors this evening?"

"My family is a small one, Captain," replied Don Ricardo, endeavoring to disguise his anxiety under a faint smile; "and in the present disturbed state of affairs, we never have any visitors beyond our own circle."

"If I mistake not," said the other, "you have a son among the rebels in the pay of Don Carlos.—May I ask, without giving offence, when you heard from him last?"

"The last letter I received from him," replied the father, "is dated several months back."

"Strange," observed the Christino, "that I should happen to be so much better informed about him than yourself? Now, were I to venture a guess as to his whereabouts, I should say he was at this moment beneath this very roof."

Don Ricardo vehemently, and indeed truly, denied the fact of his presence *beneath the roof*; but as may be supposed, his protestations met with little credit. A guard was placed over him and his lady in the apartment in which they had been sitting; the domestics were summoned, and put under similar restraint in another; and the remainder of the dragoons were ordered to dismount and search the house.

An hour subsequently, when every nook and cranny of the building, with the out offices and garden, had been ransacked—of course fruitlessly—the commander of the Christino party again entered the apartment in which the Don and his lady were detained, and informed them, that as it was evident the young man had made his escape before the Queen's troops had reached the house, it became his duty to convey them both to Bilboa, to render an account for having harbored and connived at the escape of a rebel. This was a blow which they had never anticipated, and for which they were wholly unprepared. None but themselves being privy to the fact of the young man's concealment in the Fiend's Fishpond, to convey them to Bilboa, and leave him to await the rising of the tide, would be to doom him to certain death. Even as it was, the latest period at which he could be withdrawn with life was approaching with fearful rapidity. Horrified at the prospect, the anguished mother shrieked and fainted; whilst the stout-hearted Don himself could not so control his emotions as to prevent the officer from discovering that [illegible] influence was at work than the would themselves be exposed, trifling as it must prove in the absence of all positive evidence that young Silva had really been there at all. This of course but confirmed him in his previous intention of taking them to Bilboa; for which place, accordingly, the entire party, including the almost broken-hearted parents, started in a short time afterwards.

As our object is not to describe feelings, but to record facts, we shall not dwell upon the sufferings of Don Ricardo and his lady throughout that dreadful night. The reader can readily imagine how at the moment they would almost resolve to risk all, and reveal the fact, and, rescuing their child from the terrors of the frightful grave into which he had been lowered by his father's hand, procure for him, at all events, the respite of an hour, and the privilege to look once more, before he died, on the light of the sun; and how, at the next, they would determine to confide him to the bounty of that Providence who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and bow in submission to His will, rather than become themselves the instruments in revealing the place of his concealment, and betraying him into the hands of men whose "tender mercies were cruel." Let it suffice to say, that when, towards the close of the following day, they were led forth from the prison in Bilboa, in which they had been immured, and informed they were at liberty to return to their mansion, the locks of the gentleman, which, though he had passed the middle age, on the previous evening had been black and glossy as the raven's wing, were white as if the snows of seventy years had descended on his head: the lady was an idiot.

Neither need we expatiate on the feelings of young Silva, as he beheld—if indeed such an expression be correct as applied to his sensations amid the thick darkness which reigned eternally within the frightful recesses of that horrid cavern—the gradual approaches of apparently inevitable death; the rising waters gradually ascending to the level of the ledge on which he stood—to his knees; his hips; his middle; his arm-pits. Conscious by this time that something extraordinary had occurred to prevent his parents from effecting his release, all hope of life had faded, and what he deemed a last prayer to Heaven was quivering on his lips, when a loud shout from the mouth of the pit, drove the blood, which had begun to stagnate round his heart, again like lightning through his veins. Prompt as the echo was his reply; and the next moment the cord from above struck the water within reach of his arm. With all the despatch which his numbed fingers would permit, he fastened it around him, and announcing his readiness by another shrill cry, was drawn in safety to the top.

He learned, on inquiry, that a neighboring peasant, tempted by the luscious fruits with which the trees in Don Ricardo's garden were loaded, had, on the very night in question, ventured on a predatory excursion against them; and was actually employed in filling a bag with his spoils, when he was alarmed by the entrance of the young man and his father, as related, on the appearance of the Christino cavalry. Taking refuge in a clump of flowering shrubs, he had been an unseen observer of the young man's descent into the Fishpond, and of all the subsequent occurrences. Readily comprehending the entire affair, the honest fellow watched the dragoons clear of the grounds, and knowing that not a moment more was to be lost, procured a rope, and hastened again to the spot, when the result was as we have already described. He now related to young Silva the substance of a singular conversation which, as he lay concealed, he had overheard between the Christino commander and his subordinate officer. In reply to some inquiry of the latter concerning the authority of his information with reference to the visit of the Carlist officer, "Oh," said the superior in a significant tone, "my intelligence must be authentic, since I have had it from on high."

"What!" exclaimed the subaltern, laughingly; "have you got a correspondent in heaven?"

"Why, not exactly," was the reply; "my correspondent is yet a resident on earth, and yet I receive his communications literally from the clouds. At another time, however, I may give you further information concerning my celestial informant. At present, I am not at liberty."

The peasant who related this strange conversation discovered nothing in it beyond an unmeaning jocularity bordering on profanity; but Silva, who, [illegible] to convey much more than met the ear, and to want but a certain key to explain the import of its mysterious allusion. A few minutes afterwards, he found lying on the floor of the hall what a little reflection led him to regard as furnishing the key which he required. This was nothing more than a scrap of paper, less than the palm of a man's hand, greatly crumpled, as if it had been rolled up and thrust into a small space, much soiled, and slightly burned, on which was written, in characters almost illegible, from the treatment it had undergone—"Silva, lieutenant, —— battalion Carlist infantry, will spend to-night at his father's house on the river side, close to the shore. Sergeant —— knows the spot, and can guide a party thither." Having read this important document, which had been accidentally dropped by the Christino officer, and examined its appearance attentively, noting the burn, he raised it to his nose, when it decidedly smelled of gunpowder. He immediately crossed the river, and in another hour was safe within the Carlist lines, when his first act was to wait on the colonel of his battalion, recount the events of the night, and acquaint him with the suspicions he had formed.

It is necessary to state here that Silva's battalion was posted on a steep height immediately overlooking, indeed overhanging, Bilboa, and that so closely, that it terminated on the side next the city in a perpendicular cliff, which actually formed part of the wall bounding the military ground appropriated to the use of the queen's garrison in the city, so that any object thrown from the top would necessarily, after a descent of between three and four hundred feet, fall within the limits of the beleaguered town. On the table-land at the top of this dizzy height a Carlist sentry was regularly stationed, whose chief business was to observe the movements of the Christino troops below, and report accordingly to his superiors. It had been remarked, that so inveterate was the hostility of the man Murito—of whom mention has been already made as having, at an early period of the siege, deserted from the garrison—towards his former comrades, that invariably, on being relieved from his guard, he proceeded to the edge of the cliff and discharged his musket at the Christinos beneath, the great height of the precipice precluding all danger from a return of the fire. Lieutenant Silva remembered having made inquiry of this man concerning the safety of the road adjoining his father's residence, and felt convinced that no other individual in the Carlist camp was acquainted with his intention of proceeding thither at all.

Nothing further of importance transpired that day. Towards the close of the next, it happened to be Murito's turn again to mount guard at the top of the cliff. As the hour which would terminate his guard approached, Lieutenant Silva and his colonel appeared sauntering along the platform, and shortly after the relief arrived. The customary form having been gone through, the fresh sentry took his post, and Murito was about to advance, as usual, to have a shot at his friends below. To his surprise, the non-commissioned officer of the guard seized his musket, and at the same moment he found himself in the iron grasp of the men. The charge of his musket was drawn upon the spot, when it was discovered that, instead of the blank end of the cartridge, the ball had been bitten off in loading; whilst, rammed down over the wadding, was [illegible] the siege must soon be raised if the garrison hold out." This discovery fully vindicated the justice of the suspicions which Silva had formed concerning mysterious allusions of the Christino officer to his intelligence received "from on high," and the information communicated to him "from the clouds." Silva inquired whether he should order the man to the guard-house, to undergo his trial by court-martial; but the sergeant bluntly suggested to his commander the propriety of ordering out a firing party on the spot, and bringing the matter to a summary conclusion.

"Your suggestion is the better of the two, sergeant," replied the colonel, smiling grimly. "I shall adopt neither, however, but make the fellow the bearer of his own correspondence. Death by the bullet is the fate of brave men and true soldiers, and ammunition is not so plenty that I can afford to waste a cartridge on a traitor. Pin the paper to the scoundrel's breast," he shouted, "and pitch him over to convey it to his friends below."

The blood of Silva ran cold at this terrible doom, and he attempted a remonstrance on behalf of the miserable culprit; but the colonel was inflexible. The men to whom the order was given were seldom troubled with scruples; and if they had been, the treachery of a comrade would have effectually silenced them. The paper was actually pinned to the breast of the terror-palsied wretch; he was lifted from the ground, and carried to the edge of the cliff by half-a-dozen pairs of sinewy arms. The Christino sentry at the foot of the precipice was startled by a piercing shriek, as of one in mortal agony, in the upper air—then followed a swift, rushing sound, and then a mass of lifeless humanity lay at his feet.

Years elapsed ere the restoration of tranquility permitted the young Carlist officer again to visit his parental home. In the interval, all that medical skill could effect had been resorted to for the restoration of Donna Silva to her proper mind, but the occurrences of one fearful night appeared to have driven reason from its throne forever. On the arrival of her son, however, it was resolved by the medical advisers, with Don Ricardo's consent, to try the effect of his abrupt appearance in her presence, all other resources having failed. On his introduction to the room in which she sat, her countenance was bent towards the ground, and she seemed utterly regardless of the presence of a stranger. He addressed her; she started to her feet at the first accents of the voice which she had deemed choked forever amid the rushing waters of the Fiend's Fishpond. She gazed upon him—the pallid cheek glowed again—the vacant, lack-lustre eye flashed with the light of intellect—with a wild scream of delight she bounded toward him, clasped him in her arms, and sunk upon his bosom. Her embrace was long. The medical attendant at length raised her head. "She has fainted," whispered her son. "She is dead!" solemnly replied her husband. And so it was. The struggle had been too great; and her gentle spirit had passed away to the place where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Noble Tradesmen.—It is no unusual spectacle in France to see men of the most distinguished families engaged in trade. But it is not often we see a titled personage advertising his wares with all the puffing flummery of any of our most impudent quacks. The Viscount de B—— thus advertises:—"My enemies say I have given up business; but I have not. I have still, on the contrary, the largest, the most magnificent, the best stocked, the most distinguished establishment of wine, in France. I sell my wines in bottles, in casks, in half-casks, in quarter casks. I sell them cheap, and they are good. I put no water in them. Come if you please, come and taste them. Come, see, taste, compare, judge. If you can't come, write, and I will attend to your orders." And so the Viscount puffs away for the space of half a mortal column. What a sensation it would create to see a "Lord Viscount" of the United Kingdom puffing away in that style [illegible]

Mrs. Partington's Sayings.—"If there is any body under the canister of Heaven that I have in utter excrescence," said Mrs. Partington, "it is a tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a boa constricter, circulating his calomel about [illegible] I always know one by his phrenology. [illegible] stamped him with [illegible]" And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a fit of coughing.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

TERMS.

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As the Post Office regulation relative to Drafts, has been repealed, subscribers will have to resort to the old mode of forwarding current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Doctor.—The Dream" is accepted—it is lively written, thoughtful and appropriate subject in the work. "Letter to Woman" we think will appear—though we are not prepared to "endorse Dodds" some shocking poems!

Rachmon.—"The Haystacker" and another poem by the same author "Forest Rose" the lord award the weight of future examination.

Thomas.—"The Storm at Sea."

DO SNAKES HISS?

We have received several communications upon the affirmative of the question, "Do snakes hiss?" but we think it useless at present to publish any more at them. Another communication, "Do snakes sing?" is still extra," in another column, we regard the question as settled by the testimony of numerous witnesses, that rogues do hiss.

ADVERSITY.

Kate Satterland's tale on our first page, is one the finest moral of which we particularly approve of the writer has done justice. Every one of all young persons should adopt upon entering the crowded stage of active life—never too late for the amend the wise and good counsel of all civil writers for the retrieving of pecuniary misfortunes, for new errors and love of happiness are, if it be too late for happiness, it is never too late for the other blessed ones.

It is but much the custom to look upon pecuniary misfortune as the darkness of the heaviest calamities, in some misfortunes, without properly appreciating the blessings which generally flow from such seeming adversities. And though we are aware it has grown into a proverb that "Affliction is the blessings in disguise" still it is one of those proverbs in which men rapidly through the lip of the speaker, and so lightly fall on the ear of the indifferent and perhaps of the sage. And yet, in truth, and in sober meditation on the heart. But the proverb is worthy of full and genuine belief and of practical application, but as a practice it is acceptable, we think of clear demonstration.

Why, in all our inquiries into subjects of the character, we must keep in distinct view the true end and purpose of life, which is the growth, enlightment and perfecting of the soul. And in estimating the value of two men, one of whom he is so wise and clear sighted as to succeed in all his worldly undertakings and friends, and the other of whom has been exposed to even more than the usual disasters of life both in respect of interests and to his time, we should not hesitate to pronounce the latter the happiest man, if it could be satisfactorily shown, (which perhaps it never can be to such entire comprehension,) that his soul had become more wisdom, more knowledge, and had progressed in internal development, and, in the midst of his so-called misfortunes, than the other and prosperous man. For the truth of the external prosperity is, in the same spirit in which it was said for many," What profiteth it that a man should gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" Nor does any one who has experienced the misery the bankruptcy, or the loss of a fortune, confess the error of right and wrong, women even the value of earthly practical force and skill of the mind and that great belief in the healthy growth and the eternal progress of the immortal part of man?

Take for instance the case of a young man just entering upon life, he may even be brought up well by his sister, he may not run into riot and dissipation, he may marry a wife and love unbecomingly, and but in his lot truly so happy as his wife largest than that of possessing a fortune, finds extravagance, dropped of his routine by some reverse of fortune, and thus, being thrown upon his own resources, and in a practical sense, develops the mind and soul, and thus, a firm self-reliant and applicable upon his own strength in all possible emergencies, which but for the misfortune he for his life would have been powerless. Such cases are not rare, and that a misfortune, which has made that latter immeasurably richer than the former.

Why is it that the inhabitants of the temperate zones are so much superior in point of the latter, that rugged, mountainous countries have never subdued by any length of time to the yoke of the conquerors? Because they are more exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, and, in the other words, had to struggle with the elements of nature, and thus developed the mind and soul. The man of the eternally quiet must lose, and the man of the eternally active must gain. Happiness may be had by them from the rugged soil, or the stern sky. They must knock long and hard at the door of their own hearts before it will open unto them. They must look for, and find, the spring of happiness in their own souls, and not in the sunny shores, and woodlands that will more than want of a common mind—but, doing the latter, they have found a real spring, in body and in mind. They acquire power which makes them for the whole they control, and which, in the end, will be the source of the greatest happiness, and the most enduring portion of the earth. Their ministries are in the truest greatest honour.

No, we think, can be clearer—for in all we can point more difficult to point out the individual who has not generally risen to eminence from misfortune or sickness, such as the death of friends and relations, like the bright suns in a rain cloud, like the rainbow in the storm, like the sweet flowers of the wilderness, like the bright suns in a rain cloud, it is not difficult to perceive the blessing through its disguise. Then we often see the bright links of affection that should bind them together in golden harmony, be sundered by the most rankled misfortune, and the husband and brother, and sister and sister, have been made more loving by the sacrifice of some dear one removed to heavenly mansions, and the affections of the heart have been made to ascend and manifest purity they are tending, to the eternal home. So, in other cases, we see the bright links of affection that should bind them together in golden harmony, be sundered by the most rankled misfortune, and the husband and brother, and sister and sister, have been made more loving by the sacrifice of some dear one removed to heavenly mansions, and the affections of the heart have been made to ascend and manifest purity they are tending, to the eternal home. So, in other cases, we see the bright links of affection that should bind them together in golden harmony, be sundered by the most rankled misfortune, and the husband and brother, and sister and sister, have been made more loving by the sacrifice of some dear one removed to heavenly mansions, and the affections of the heart have been made to ascend and manifest purity they are tending, to the eternal home.

A GREAT STORM.

The recent heavy storm on the coast, was the most extensive equinox of the season, as one of our contemporaries humorously calls it, has done great damage to the shipping and to the coast. The storm has been felt with great severity on the Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware River, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has been effectually stopped—two bridges and about twenty miles of the road have been badly washed in many places.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, contrary to all expectations, suffered but little from the storm.

All through these districts, Prince George's, St. Mary's, Anne Arundel, Calvert, and Charles counties, and the District of Columbia, the damage to the crops, bridges and fences, is estimated. Trees were blown down in all directions, and in many places whole orchards were prostrated. Cattle were killed by the falling timber, and fences were carried away. The rain fell in a continued torrent for eight hours, and the streams were raised to a height never witnessed. Considerable damage was done to parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

A NEW FEATURE.

There were made arrangements with a gentleman of this city, to furnish us with a weekly letter from New York, for occasional letter, description of manners and usage in that luxurious focus of a city. The first letter will appear next week. Its author has been a long and practical observer of men and things, and will be a valuable and the sagacity voice becomes gentle and exact. And this we are sure, will not put many of our readers out of their way in reading strong woman, seeks home into "the great pleasure" as into our own. Should mothers, who have children to be educated, or who think they have to educate, or other that they may stuff confidence to indulge in the vain and senseless empty mouth of fashionable education, refuse to take letters in the kindness and weakness of their country, "Good girls are scarce," but, for ourselves, we do take—at least we shall endeavor to—and we hope to get no land.

POOR FASHION.

The great race at the Union Course, between Fashion and Peacemaker, excited the interest of the country, to the great disappointment of the immense party of the sporting world. Before the race, the betting was two to one in favor of Fashion. A large amount of money changed hands. Only one heats were run—the first in 7.46½, and the second in 7.46½.

—The change which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men, are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth.

* * * *

—We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that rectangular may come in. We do not believe there is any form in being to treat or re-create that beautiful yesterday.

* * * *

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding in the after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of friends seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unspeakable. But the new years reveal that we have gained more than reduction all tariffs. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, sometimes what seems the aspect of a grade of genius; as it commonly operates retributions in our way of life, creates a superb set of misery or of virtue which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wasted generation, as a tornado, or ripple of living, and allows the formation of new more noble friendly to the growth of character. It permits or continues the formation of new acquaintance, and the receptions of new friendships. It opens all the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a mere spectator of life, with no room for its uses and too much sunshine for its heat, by the falling of the forest, or the neglect of the gardener, is made the lanian of the forest, a prodigal shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

THE WAR.

The last news from Mexico brings a report that Santa Anna has left the country—but this is a report, however, to which we attach but little credit.

The account we published in last week's paper, of the storming of Mexico, taken from the New York Herald, is probably false; the Mexican army is not disorganized, and the people are not in a panic. The populace being turned against it. Guadalupe, to which place Santa Anna had retreated, is now represented as being only a few miles from the capital, instead of twelve, as first reported. The force under him is estimated to have been reduced to about four thousand men.

The force under General Lane, which had left Vera Cruz for the city of the same, has speedily the effect would have reminded fire, and by the most perverse ailment of a distorted spine, and compression of the brain, he has been restored to sight, and had sent back to Vera Cruz for more ammunition. It was reported that a large body of Mexicans were in the rear of Lane's force, and cutting off his communications, but this report is also false.

It is but much the custom to look upon pecuniary misfortune as the darkness of the heaviest calamities, in some misfortunes, without properly appreciating the blessings which generally flow from such seeming adversities. And though we are aware it has grown into a proverb that "Affliction is the blessings in disguise" still it is one of those proverbs in which men rapidly through the lip of the speaker, and so lightly fall on the ear of the indifferent and perhaps of the sage. And yet, in truth, and in sober meditation on the heart. But the proverb is worthy of full and genuine belief and of practical application, but as a practice it is acceptable, we think of clear demonstration.

Why, in all our inquiries into subjects of the character, we must keep in distinct view the true end and purpose of life, which is the growth, enlightment and perfecting of the soul. And in estimating the value of two men, one of whom he is so wise and clear sighted as to succeed in all his worldly undertakings and friends, and the other of whom has been exposed to even more than the usual disasters of life both in respect of interests and to his time, we should not hesitate to pronounce the latter the happiest man, if it could be satisfactorily shown, (which perhaps it never can be to such entire comprehension,) that his soul had become more wisdom, more knowledge, and had progressed in internal development, and, in the midst of his so-called misfortunes, than the other and prosperous man. For the truth of the external prosperity is, in the same spirit in which it was said for many," What profiteth it that a man should gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" Nor does any one who has experienced the misery the bankruptcy, or the loss of a fortune, confess the error of right and wrong, women even the value of earthly practical force and skill of the mind and that great belief in the healthy growth and the eternal progress of the immortal part of man?

Take for instance the case of a young man just entering upon life, he may even be brought up well by his sister, he may not run into riot and dissipation, he may marry a wife and love unbecomingly, but in his lot truly so happy as his wife largest than that of possessing a fortune, finds extravagance, dropped of his routine by some reverse of fortune, and thus, being thrown upon his own resources, and in a practical sense, develops the mind and soul, and thus, a firm self-reliant and applicable upon his own strength in all possible emergencies, which but for the misfortune he for his life would have been powerless. Such cases are not rare, and that a misfortune, which has made that latter immeasurably richer than the former.

Why is it that the inhabitants of the temperate zones are so much superior in point of the latter, that rugged, mountainous countries have never subdued by any length of time to the yoke of the conquerors? Because they are more exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, and, in the other words, had to struggle with the elements of nature, and thus developed the mind and soul. The man of the eternally quiet must lose, and the man of the eternally active must gain. Happiness may be had by them from the rugged soil, or the stern sky. They must knock long and hard at the door of their own hearts before it will open unto them. They must look for, and find, the spring of happiness in their own souls, and not in the sunny shores, and woodlands that will more than want of a common mind—but, doing the latter, they have found a real spring, in body and in mind. They acquire power which makes them for the whole they control, and which, in the end, will be the source of the greatest happiness, and the most enduring portion of the earth. Their ministries are in the truest greatest honour.

No, we think, can be clearer—for in all we can point more difficult to point out the individual who has not generally risen to eminence from misfortune or sickness, such as the death of friends and relations, like the bright suns in a rain cloud, like the rainbow in the storm, like the sweet flowers of the wilderness, like the bright suns in a rain cloud, it is not difficult to perceive the blessing through its disguise. Then we often see the bright links of affection that should bind them together in golden harmony, be sundered by the most rankled misfortune, and the husband and brother, and sister and sister, have been made more loving by the sacrifice of some dear one removed to heavenly mansions, and the affections of the heart have been made to ascend and manifest purity they are tending, to the eternal home. So, in other cases, we see the bright links of affection that should bind them together in golden harmony, be sundered by the most rankled misfortune, and the husband and brother, and sister and sister, have been made more loving by the sacrifice of some dear one removed to heavenly mansions, and the affections of the heart have been made to ascend and manifest purity they are tending, to the eternal home.

TIGHT LACING.

There has been a great deal said against tight lacing with very little effect. Not that it has been difficult to convince sensible women of its ill effects, but that they will all stick have given it up; but the difficulty has been to influence the foolish ones—a very large proportion, by the by—unless we, ladies, but we must tell the truth, and shame them—unwisely. Tell such that tight lacing is destructive to their youth, that it works like poison, which will undermine their elastic forms, and all the glorious sweetness of high and refined health, and they will merely compress and the compressed themselves upon the prospect of becoming pale and delicate looking Lydia Languishes, fruit as hot-house plants, sickly, slender, and cheerless save their wits!—interesting. Tell them that no man of sense will marry a woman with a waist so small that if not only most necessarily cease herself continual ill health and consequent feebleness of body and mind, but entail similar misery upon her children, if she is so unfortunate as to bring any into the world alive—that no man of cultivated taste can see beauty in figures that outrage all his conceptions of the perfect female form and of the neglect of the gardener, is made the lanian of the forest, a prodigal shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

THE WAR.

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The account we published in last week's paper, of the storming of Mexico, taken from the New York Herald, is probably false; the Mexican army is not disorganized, and the people are not in a panic. The populace being turned against it. Guadalupe, to which place Santa Anna had retreated, is now represented as being only a few miles from the capital, instead of twelve, as first reported. The force under him is estimated to have been reduced to about four thousand men.

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GENERAL TAYLOR.

Gen. Taylor has written another letter to a Dr. Bennett, of S. C., or which he expresses a little disappointment that all persons interested had not obtained, by this time, a sufficiently satisfactory knowledge of his views and desires in relation to the questions of national policy now at issue between the political parties of this country. The letter, omitting unimportant parts, reads as follows:—

I deem it proper, in reply to your letter, distinctly to report that I am not before the People of United States as a candidate for the next Presidency. It is my great desire to retire to the duties of the discharge of those professional duties and to the enjoyment of those domestic pleasures from which I was called at its commencement, and for which my habits and education best fit me.

If deem it but due to candor to state, at the same time, that, if I were called to the Presidential Chair, by the general voice of the people, without regard to their political differences, I should deem it my duty to accept the office. But while I freely avow my attachment to the administration of our early Presidents, and while I should be happy to see the virtues, both of head and heart, of the distinguished statesman of Ashland, Clay, Webster, Adams, Mr. Dudle and Calhoun, exemplified in your letter, I cannot allow myself to be considered in connection with the requirements of the Constitution.

Should I be elected by the circumstances under which only can I be induced to accept the high and responsible office of President of the United States, I need only add that I cannot in any case permit myself to be bound, before the people exclusively by any of the political parties that now exist in this country to divide our country, as their candidate for office.

In offering my great pleasure, in conclusion, fully to see you once more upon your farm and surrounded by the virtues, both of head and heart, of the distinguished statesman of Ashland, Clay, Webster, Adams, Mr. Dudle and Calhoun, I continued in your letter, to be the sincere friend and obliged servant.

COMPLIMENTARY.

The Western Continent, published at Baltimore, a very able conductor of the paper, says:

Saturday Evening Post.—This popular paper has been sloughing off its old skin, and has come out in a new dress. It is a perfect beauty of a paper, weeklies in the United States, and has long maintained a high position in the periodical press. It has made a change also in its editorial department and has secured the services of Mr. Peterson, who is all behind his predecessors, either in industry or ability.

Our neighbour of the "Continent" speaks of a change of editors "lately"—it was only about three months ago. Three months ago, before the time of the Flood, or the fall of the Roman Empire, it was lately.

The Saturday Post, published in a town where the inhabitants are such great readers, that it is called "Reading," says:

Saturday Evening Post.—That sterling old journal has come out in a new dress, and makes a most magnificent appearance.

Below is the reading people to know what is what.

COLONEL PRICE.

This officer has recently returned from Santa Fe. A friend has given us the following list in the St. Louis Reveille, speaks of him as follows:

"Col. Price leaves behind him a host of warm friends in this city. In fact he is the universal favorite to meet a man who has filled a public situation for the last twenty years in the west as he has done with Col. Price, and I can safely assert that there is not a man in the country that can be found that will be ordered his reputation at the point of the sword, while colonel of the second regiment of Missouri volunteers, in the field of his own."

We perceive that some of the papers are quoting the above, as a reflection on the mass and among charges that have been brought against Col. Price's conduct in the late war with Mexico. We do not charge was that he allowed his troops to do just as they pleased, and that he supposed that he has made himself very popular among them by such a course. How absurd also be the notion to suppose that he could have preserved sexual discipline and order in his command, without receiving comfort from some one, until he met Col. Price," when the "Hills of the Monterrenos."

The letter stated to his brother that he had become involved, and that one of the persons accused of his ruin had threatened to shoot him. It was to screen himself, and to punish this man that he committed the deed.

"He states that while nursing the letter in the room where it was found, his nose commenced bleeding, and he had to leave the room to get back the satchel which was found, cut his hat with his knife, and left it in the room. He says in the same hair, attached it to the blood upon the satchel, and that he had been falsely accused.

The letter was then handed over to Taylor's attorney, and the last advices were being embarked at rapidly as the means of transportation could be procured, to proceed to Vera Cruz. We have seen an estimate of the number of troops now on their way through and from the United States to reinforce General Scott, but suppose, as a rough guess, that there are, in the same period, about fifteen thousand men. If this number could be landed at Vera Cruz, it would more than double the force of the army of Mexico.

The news of the difficulties, at a great degree, upon the time considered at the approaching session of Congress, what course finally will be determined upon in the present peculiar position of affairs in Mexico. The great question with us, "shall we go on and endeavor to reduce the whole country to submission, occupying it with an army of forty-five or six hundred thousand men, or, shall we withdraw our troops to such a boundary line as shall be determined upon by Congress, and content ourselves with simply defending it, with a force not Antipodeans. It is for a genuine lover of liberty positively will persevere that even in the latter of the alternatives, there is room for wise and judgment. His exploit direct that there is to be made money in the end," but that there is to be made money in the end," but that there is to be made money in the end," but

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Baltimore street, Cincinnati, Ohio is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Kentucky, assisted by *James S. Stanley, Theodore Lyon, Henry T. Price, E. J. Lee, S. Sandford, Frederick Hunter.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, Rand real West

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Northern and North-Western States, assisted by *Gen. K. Wright, William H. Wells, G. H. P. Stone, Chas. B. Wells, Theodore P. Wells, T. F. Hopkinson, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, Thomas Dunlap, Edward D. Gruger and John H. Hopkinson* the two last named as agents of B. H. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

Mr. THOMAS MYERS is our Travelling Agent for Virginia.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is authorized to act as Penna. Agent.

CHAS. S. BOWLEY will receive subscriptions and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER U. WILLIS, do do for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *REDDING & Co. No. 5 Water Street, Boston, and of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 100 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.*

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General News.

CHAPULTEPEC.

Chapultepec having been captured by the Americans, after the most desperate resistance ever made by a Mexican army, the following account of that place from the New York Sun cannot fail to prove interesting.

Chapultepec is the Aztec for "Grasshopper's Hill." It is a porphyritic rock, rising near the former margin of the lake that surrounded the city of Mexico, and is one of the places designated by the Aztecs as those they found on their emigration from the North, in search of a final resting place. Tenoch—under the shade of such resting place would be denoted by three curving an eagle devouring a lizard on a rock, and at Chapultepec this production was verified. From it they looked down the eagle on one of the cactus on the lake, devouring a serpent. The Aztecs was at once established in three records, and subsequently represented on their flag and the coat of the nations. The hill is covered with a belt of noble cypress trees, one of which, known as Montezuma's cypress, from its huge size, stood before or during the reign of that Prince, measures fifty-seven feet in circumference. Chapultepec was the favorite country residence of Montezuma and his court. It contains the remains of gardens, groves, baths and grottoes, which bear evidence of its occupation by that Mere Montezuma derived from the land and that of the city, to enjoy all the luxuries that wealth and power could procure. The site was first selected by the Spanish Viceroy as the most beautiful place in the vicinity of Mexico for a royal residence, and the modern palace (lately a military school), was built on the old foundations. From this place one has a charming view of the whole valley; the city, with its towers and domes, some mountains which rise in the distance like great wall surrounding the valley, and numerous in Anglo houses hands this valley on its inside in unpregnable fortress.

Beside or cannon planted on the hill of Chapultepec commands the city, the causeways, and the aqueduct. Hence the attack and capture of that point by Gen. Scott, and the consequent occupation upon the city. Once on the hill, the taking of the city could be effected with very serious loss of life.

REMARKABLE STATEMENT

The Augusta (Maine) Farmer tells the following singular story. We never heard of the like before:

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 21st ultimo, thunder showers passed over the northern part of this county, in the town of Vassalboro, on the farm of Mr. Benjamin Richardson was struck by lightning, and nearly demolished. The next day we visited the next day and looked at the ruins, and ascertained that the chimney was struck by lightning just from the ground to the cloud. On the bottom of the chimney was found a hole made by the passage of the electric fluid, as it escaped from the earth. The hole was about three inches in diameter, and the appearance. Hence the attack and rupture of that point by the electric fluid, and the consequent explosion upon the city. Once on the hill, the taking of the city could be effected with very serious loss of life.

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A CHINESE PAPER.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that a foreigner in China has established a paper in the Chinese language. Whether it will succeed or not remains to be seen. It is called the Chinese. The only paper published by the Chinese has been at all be depended upon, is the Pekin Gazette. This is published at the Chinese Capital, and thence distributed throughout the Empire. It is a matter of great importance for the Manchurian people to read the Pekin Gazette, in order that they may be enabled to proceed on their official duties, for it seems that the only means by which the officers of the Empire obtain a knowledge of the will of their sovereign, or through the pages of the Gazette.

Express riders are in readiness at Pekin to carry the Gazette in different directions over the Empire as soon as published. Those who receive the Gazette from Pekin in any one office, at its entrance, Canton, performing the distance or somewhere by means of relays of horses, in seven days. The distance from Pekin to Canton is performed in six days, riding unremittingly night and day, at the rate of nine miles an hour. Many of the Chinese are unable to read, and the Gazette is to a great portion of the others. As a general rule, no other is able to master more than two thousand characters, and he does not become extremely skilful before

ATROCIOUS.

A recent letter from General Taylor, amplifies the following account of an attempt to murder Captain Bragg, and one of the most atrocious things we ever read of.

Some days last night, under a transfer, the captain of a little steamer, on which Capt. Bragg to be placed under the bed of the gallant soldier, a South Somebody, with a train of powder, which was ignited. The explosion was terrific, but fortunately Capt. Bragg escaped unhurt. Two of the wounded were through his bed with the touching him. He escape is looked upon as miraculous, the contents of the shell having been scattered around the room. A negro servant was assigned for this attempt upon the life of Capt. Bragg, saying that some of his race should be in for severer in his discipline. This is second attempt on the life.

SERGEANT RILEY.

The New York Commercial speaks as follows of Sergeant Riley, who was recently hung in Mexico as a deserter:

"Sergeant Riley, the deserter, was well known to many in this community. He was enlisting sergeant for some time, and kept a recruiting office next to the corner of Cedar, on Washington street. Riley was a man of very large stature, and of powerful frame. He was formerly a Sergeant in the 7th regiment of the British service, stationed at Canada, from which he deserted, and came to this city. Shortly after he joined the United States army, and being well skilled in his profession, was sent to West Point, where he acted as drill Sergeant for some time.

SPECIE.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from New Orleans, December 9, says:

The steamer New Orleans took out to Vera Cruz $400,000 in gold, for the army. $200,000 more is said have been sent down from the city. The specie has ceased from Europe, the constant drain of it upon for the army will be felt more severely. The above, with previous shipments, make $1,000,000 that the public army have succeeded in getting down to and from this port since the first last month, exclusive of a large amount of bills drawn on Mexico by the Government here.

THE CHOLERA.

According to letters from Odessa, the cholera appears to have almost entirely subsided at Odessa, and to have made considerable at Taganrog, on the other hand, it has invaded Kertch, Mariupol, and several other towns on Southern Russia. At Kertch out of a population of 9,000, in three days the number of deaths was 60 people; and in Mariupol, out of a population of 9,000, in three days the number of deaths was 60 people. The cholera appears to have made its appearance in the Crimea, and to have spread along the road from Kertch to Odessa where abandoned.

CHARGE OF LIBEL.

Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the United States, and Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Edinburg, have recently been attempting to settle a dispute, which arose from some remarks made by the former. Mr. Robertson, brought an action against Mr. Campbell for defamation of character, placing his damage at £5,000. As it was supposed that Mr. Campbell was about to leave the country for the United States, a warrant for his commitment was obtained and he was taken off and lodged in Glasgow jail. The case came on before Lord Murray, and that magistrate decided that the warrant was not of a sufficiently definite character to justify Mr. Campbell's imprisonment, and he expressed strong doubts whether the case warranted the incarceration of a foreigner meditating flight. Mr. Campbell was liberated, and the libel case will come on shortly. This quarrel between these Clergymen has caused much excitement in Scotland.

SCOTT IN BATTLE.

A correspondent of the N. Orleans Delta thus washes of Gen. Scott's doings on battle:

Gen. Scott, at the head of our army during the engagement, received a slight wound in the leg, which, however, did not disable him, and he was ever present himself was aware of it until after the battle was over. He showed the best skill and coolness in addition to the ability as General and Soldier as a military man, but there was not seen him in command and under fire, cannot form any adequate idea of his abilities. The cool consideration of everything around him—his self possession, and his firm resolution and unshaken determination—equal if they do not surpass those so say of the great Generals whose deeds have been much the theme of admiration.

A BAD FAILURE.

It is stated that the affairs of Prime, Ward & Co., as far as the American creditors are concerned, will turn out even worse than was feared. The amount of indebtedness is about $700,000, of which three fifths are in Wall Street. Banks have a large amount involved at $200,000. The English creditors have also worked all the assets of the firm.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM TEXAS.

The Galveston Civilian of the 2d inst. has the following additional intelligence:

Gen. Wilson, formerly Mr. Mc. Naughey, of this city, and who eloped with Dr. Wallace some years ago, recently committed suicide by hanging himself in Covington, La. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict that he came to his death by the visitation of God.

THE KENTUCKY REGIMENTS.

Two new regiments of volunteers, the 3d and 4th, numbering 1,000 men, were encamped within seven miles of Louisville on the 6th inst.

MARRIAGE.

Nelson Moore Mary Ann Daily, Mary Sellers and Mary Hendeller, took the veil as nuns in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Pittsburg, last week.

Religious Intelligence

THE ONDERDONK CASE.

The subject of the restoration of Bishop Onderdonk has been brought before the Episcopal Council of Connecticut, and we learn by the New York papers that measures have been appointed to report the best means of relieving the Diocese of New York from the embarrassment caused by the indefinite suspension of its Bishop. The Committee consists of the Bishops of Connecticut, New York Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut; Hopkins, of Vermont; Potter, of North Carolina; Otey, of Tennessee; Potter, of Pennsylvania; Cobbs, of Alabama; and Lee, of Delaware, and on the part of the Deputies, of Rev. S. F. Jarvis, of Connecticut; Rev. Dr. Ogden, of New York; Rev. Dr. Hawks, of N. C.; Messrs. of Virginia; Rev. Dr. Van Ingen, Judge Sutton, of New York; Judge Chambers, of Maryland; R. T. W. Duke, of Virginia.

The New York papers state that Bishop Onderdonk has sent to the House of Bishops a long memorial, in which he declares that he has been restored to his Episcopal functions.

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GENERAL CUSHING.

A correspondent of the N. O. National furnishes the following:

Speaking of General Cushing reminds me of his appointment as Attorney General of the United States. About the time that Mr. Hopping arrived at Washington, Gen. Cushing was on a visit to Boston to spend his leg. A few evenings after a party of gentlemen were assembled at the house of Mr. Quincy, invited to dine. Hopping arrived in the city, and was informed of the fact. Upon speculating and asking for General Hopping's opportunity to escape, and, without delay, Hopping for Boston. Arrived at the house, he was told by the servant: "No sir, I am not here. Mr. Cushing is not at home." Hopping left his card, and returned to Washington.

PALLADIUM.

The origin of the name of this new metal is curious. Previously to its discovery, and, indeed, since, a number of new planets had been discovered, and Greeks were engaged in naming them after the gods of Olympus. On being consulted about the name of the new metal, Wollaston, who was a Greek scholar, proposed to call it Palladium, after the planet Pallas, which had been discovered by Olbers, and which was named after the goddess of wisdom.

A PRETTY THOUGHT

The right to exercise of the law
Is given to every man,
But not to use it unless a cause
Is given to every man.

Beyond the limit of the starting line
Is given to every man,
But not to run it unless you mean
To win for every man.

BUSINESS.

Business—During the battle in which Napoleon was defeated by the Duke of Wellington, and said:

"Gentlemen, I have a moment's view of Napoleon—the man himself. I saw a gallant man, and I pity him."

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"Gentlemen, I have a moment's view of Napoleon—the man himself. I saw a gallant man, and I pity him."

Clippings.

Items of News.

Varieties.

SCRAPS

FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET BOOK.

NO. III.

Nothing is more common than people who advise nothing is more rare than those who relieve distress.

Libellers seldom put their names to libels, for the same reason that murderers fear of being taken with forbidden weapons.

Fine writing and fine declamation against luxury have been made in prose and verse, but it has always been practised.

If we could ever hope to find the road of truth, it will be only when we have ascertained all the avenues which lead to error.

Nature has given to man a disposition to pity others in misfortune, and a power to comprehend truth. These two gifts of God are the foundation of civil society.

A pure religion, early imprest on the human mind and flowing from above the region of error and passion, is the only thing in the world that will last without having the regression of centuries. After battle comes at a stale between the passions and constraints, and sometimes the former stuffs the latter. During this conflict, tormented by a mental storm, men sometimes entomb others, as when they are diseased they take advice from those who appear well; and they professes to cure them, as when they are sick they call in physicians. The best way to follow the advice of the poet.

Do what is right and leave consequences to God.

Let that serve for a rule.

I know of but two kinds of beings in earth who are immortal, geometry and angels. Geometry is guided by two unerring rules, demonstrations and analysis. Geometers may differ, but mistake always agree, for the truth is one. Angels of God, in many in the same way, the creation leads to one and the same Creator.

Mathematical science, to numbers, and to little dogs. Put a dog on a carriage, and as well continuously can't upon his hind legs looking out of the window to see what is going on and what is coming next.

RUBELLUS.

GENERAL CUSHING.

A correspondent of the N. O. National furnishes the following:

Speaking of General Cushing reminds me of his appointment as Attorney General of the United States. About the time that Mr. Hopping arrived at Washington, Gen. Cushing was on a visit to Boston to spend his leg. A few evenings after a party of gentlemen were assembled at the house of Mr. Quincy, invited to dine. Hopping arrived in the city, and was informed of the fact. Upon speculating and asking for General Hopping's opportunity to escape, and, without delay, Hopping for Boston. Arrived at the house, he was told by the servant: "No sir, I am not here. Mr. Cushing is not at home." Hopping left his card, and returned to Washington.

RUBELLUS.

PALLADIUM.

The origin of the name of this new metal is curious. Previously to its discovery, and, indeed, since, a number of new planets had been discovered, and Greeks were engaged in naming them after the gods of Olympus. On being consulted about the name of the new metal, Wollaston, who was a Greek scholar, proposed to call it Palladium, after the planet Pallas, which had been discovered by Olbers, and which was named after the goddess of wisdom.

A PRETTY THOUGHT

The right to exercise of the law
Is given to every man,
But not to use it unless a cause
Is given to every man.

Beyond the limit of the starting line
Is given to every man,
But not to run it unless you mean
To win for every man.

BUSINESS.

Business—During the battle in which Napoleon was defeated by the Duke of Wellington, and said:

"Gentlemen, I have a moment's view of Napoleon—the man himself. I saw a gallant man, and I pity him."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market during the past week has been quiet, but owing to the continued scarcity of supplies, and the demand from the interior, prices of Superfine Flour have further advanced, sales of fair to good brands having been made at $5.37½ early in the week, and since at $5.43¾@5.50 per bbl for good brands of fresh ground Pennsylvania. $5.50 for Brandywine, and some demand Western at $5.50 per bbl. The sales for city use have ranged from $6 to 6.50 per bbl. Fine Flour continues scarce and in demand at $5.00 @5.25 per bbl. Subsequently sales of new Southern have been made at $5.37½, while sales of R & H Hutchinson's White Wheat Extra at $5.50 per bbl. Corn Meal has again been scarce, with sales of 1000 bbls early in the week at $3.06¼ per bbl, and some demand Western at $3.06 per bbl. The sales for city use have ranged from $6 to 6.50 per bbl. Fine Flour continues scarce and in demand at $5.00 @5.25 per bbl. Subsequently sales of new Southern have been made at $5.37½, while sales of R & H Hutchinson's White Wheat Extra at $5.50 per bbl. Corn Meal has again been scarce, with sales of 1000 bbls early in the week at $3.06¼ per bbl, and some demand Western at $3.06 per bbl.

GRAIN—The supplies of most descriptions continue limited and scarce, in consequence have again advanced. Wheat is early in the week at $1.30 for old Pennsylvania and $1.35@1.37 for ordinary to prime new Southern and Pennsylvania, and $1.40@1.45 for fair to prime white. Subsequently sales of new Southern and Pennsylvania red at $1.30@1.37, and $1.40@1.45 for fair to prime white. Subsequently sales of new Southern and Pennsylvania red at $1.30@1.37, and $1.40@1.45 for fair to prime white.

ALMANAC.

October 1847	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON'S PHASES
10 Sunday	6 33	5 26	
11 Monday	6 33	5 25	
12 Tuesday	6 34	5 24	
13 Wednesday	6 34	5 23	
14 Thursday	6 35	5 22	
15 Friday	6 36	5 21	
16 Saturday	6 37	5 20	

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Oct	7	8	9
	44	44	44
	44	44	44
	44	44	44
	44	44	44
	44	44	44
	44	44	44
	44	44	44

Married,

On the 7th instant, in the city of New York, by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Phillips, Mr. James Turner, of Philadelphia, to Miss Caroline F. Sanford, of New York.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. George L. Bush, Mr. James B. Burtenshaw to Miss Mary Ann Bush, all of Baltimore.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Charles Pie, Mr. John H. Bonner, Miss Mary Ann Bonner, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Ann Chester, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. George W. Fetherolf, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of John Bergey, all of Montgomery county.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. Pattison, Mr. Henry Lewis, to Miss Mary Ann Lewis, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. at Friends' Meeting House, by Friends' ceremony, Mr. Thomas Lightfoot, to Miss Harriet Lee, daughter of Mr. Joseph Lee, all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. A. Pattison, Mr. Henry Chester, to Miss Mary Ann Lee, all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Edward M. Bonner, to Miss Sarah Ann Bonner, all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Edward D. Nolan, of Philadelphia, to Nancy, daughter of John Hall, of Worcester county, Md.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. George Lane, Mr. Joseph Lee, to Miss Esther Lee, all of Montgomery county.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. A. Pattison, Mr. Joseph Lee, to Miss Mary Ann Lee, all of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. H. Hamilton, Mr. James E. Bonner, to Miss Mary Ann Bonner, all of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 1st inst. Mr. Cadwalader Hough, aged 56 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Thomas Hough, aged 56 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Thomas Hough, aged 56 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Thomas

Selected Poetry.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead;
When all of thee that Time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy lips in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart as heat the scroll;
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

Selected Sketch.

THE WATER CURE.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Grafenberg, in Silesia, gives the following interesting account of the Water Cure establishment at that place:

[illegible]

so that all the lower parts of the body, which have been covered by the water, become so perfectly benumbed as to lose all feeling; the natural heat of the body is then restored by active walking, and most of the patients in Grafenberg seem to be running foot races against time. During this exercise, large quantities of water are taken—twenty to thirty tumblers a day are not unfrequent—and an enormous appetite for supper is created, which consists of the same material of the breakfast. This may be considered a pretty fair sample of a day at Grafenberg, although the treatment, of course, varies a great deal with different diseases.

So far as clothing is concerned, it may be considered a pretty near approach to mother nature; flannel shirts and drawers are taken off immediately; stocks, cravats and hats share the same fate, and most of the gentlemen in Grafenberg appear in shirts with the bosom flying open, a pair of linen pants and a linen coat, with an umbrella to take the place of a hat against the sun or rain.

So far as the ladies are concerned, it must be acknowledged by impartial observers, that there is a great deal of indecent exposure, and that many of them banish the blush of modesty during their stay in Grafenberg. Priesnitz makes nearly all the ladies take off their stockings, and the grass and the mountainous paths which they climb, obliges them to wear short dresses—the consequence is, that low shoes merely form a dark border to bare legs and feet. In bad weather it is not uncommon for the fair sex to appear in Wellington boots reaching to their knees, and many a comical scene is the result. Among other things, many of the ladies are ordered to walk barefoot in the grass, early in the morning, while covered with dew—and it is really a charming sight to see the Dianas tripping over the dew-drops of the morning, as lightly as fairies, and almost as much in *dish-abille*. It must be acknowledged, however, that all this teaches us the extreme falsity of our general ideas in relation to the preservation of health.

I have seen many of the patients come here so sickly and debilitated, that common practice would confine them for months in a sick chamber, carefully protecting from every exposure, however slight. Priesnitz washes them in cold water, takes off all warm clothing, throws them out into the open air, and tells them to enjoy it as they will; and we see ladies delicate as hot-house plants suddenly exposing themselves to every wind that blows, and every rain that falls, and traversing all the mountains and paths for miles around; and strange to say, the results are not colds, influenzas, coughs, consumption, rheumatism, and death; but ruddy cheeks, invigorated bodies, and improved health. One most remarkable circumstance is the fact that no practitioner in Europe has had so many patients with so few deaths—indeed, a death is a rare thing in Grafenberg. On first seeing the establishment, observing the apparent nonsense of the cure, its hazzardous boldness, its exposure, and every thing connected with it, as diametically opposite to all that I had ever been taught; on observing its eight hundred patients of all sorts, sizes, and diseases, I involuntarily requested to see the grave-yard as the closing scene in the farce. I was told that none belonged to the establishment, as none is needed. Unfortunately for Grafenberg, it is the retreat of many crazy enthusiasts, who pretend to have found in cold water the true philosopher's stone, and the rantings of this class disgust many of the more sober-minded. A picture of some of these cold-water philosophers we will reserve for another and early communication.

O. P. Q.

Selected Articles.

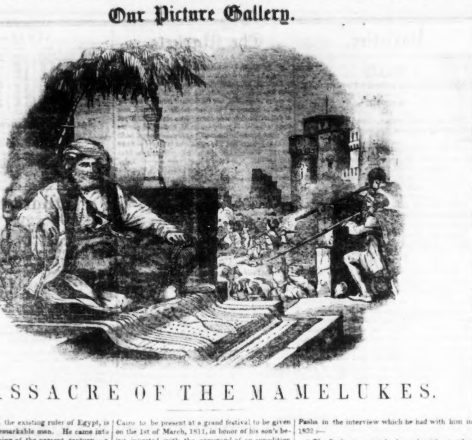
WRITING PAPER.

[illegible]

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.



MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES.

Mohammed Ali, the existing ruler of Egypt, is altogether a very remarkable man. He came into Egypt at the beginning of the present century,—a mere soldier of fortune; and gradually raised himself until he was made Pasha, and then he struggled to render himself altogether independent of the Sultan, in which he finally succeeded. His career, as might be expected, has not been unstained by crime. But making every allowance for his rude untaught character, and his position, it must be admitted that he has done not a little for the civilization of the country over which he rules; and, like his former master, the Sultan, deserves to be ranked amongst the bold innovators who give a new direction to the habits and manners of a people.

Mohammed Ali converses freely with European travellers (of whom great numbers now visit Egypt) respecting his progress in life. To Dr. Hogg, who had an interview with him on the 18th of June, 1832, he said, alluding to the commencement of his military career, that then "he had not even an attendant to light his pipe." He came into Egypt, he added, a mere unprotected soldier, with nothing but his sword and his courage to befriend him;—for he had not even secured the support of an influential patron in the supreme divan at Constantinople, an advantage which those sent to distant countries generally take care to obtain. His ambition at that time did not aspire to a very high grade; but by taking advantage of circumstances as they arose, and judiciously managing the various classes of men with whom he had to deal, he had gradually, and by his own efforts, raised himself to [illegible]

[illegible] Cairo to be present at a grand festival to be given on the 1st of March, 1811, in honor of his son's being invested with the command of an expedition against Mecca. To this ceremony all the Mamelukes repaired; and when they were within the gates of the Pasha's castle, which were closed on them, a shower of musketry was poured down upon them, from which they had no means of escaping. The wood-cut representing this scene is taken from a lithograph (after a design by the celebrated Horace Vernet) in Count Forbin's "Voyage dans le Levant," in 1817 and 1818. The following is the Count's description of the scene:—

"That audacious militia, the Mamelukes, which, since the time of Malek Shah, had made Egypt to feel their power, were nearly destroyed by Mohammed Ali. They had received orders to hold themselves in readiness to take part in a grand ceremony, which was to precede the departure of his son for Mecca. 'That day,' said an inhabitant of Cairo to me, 'the sun rose the color of blood.' The Pasha looked dark and melancholy; but recollecting that he was to preside at one of the most brilliant fetes of the Mussulmans, he assumed a smile which contrasted remarkably with his general appearance. He had addressed the Mamelukes as the 'Elder Sons of the Prophet;' and called upon them, by the peace which subsisted between them, to celebrate with him the departure of his son for the Holy Tomb.

"In the meantime a number of [illegible] Albanians were concealed upon the ramparts, the towers, and behind the walls of the citadel. The Mamelukes [illegible]

[illegible] Pasha in the interview which he had with him in 1832:—

"The Pasha was simply dressed, without either embroidery or jewels, and wore a sabre plainly mounted in gold. His stature is rather under the middle size; he does not appear to be more than sixty, is plump and well looking, with dark, restless, piercing eyes, an animated countenance, and a prepossessing manner. He is still fresh and unwrinkled, and although his beard is silvery, it adds only a certain dignity to his aspect, without giving him the appearance of age. His manner of speaking is quick and lively; he laughs often and heartily, and is quite free from that air of solemn dullness so characteristic of the Turks, and probably produced by the narcotic fumes they perpetually inhale." The following spirited war-song appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, a short time after the overthrow of the Mamelukes or Janiziers. Its predictions have not been verified—the sanguinary act of the Sultan has terminated the existence of that turbulent and dangerous soldiery forever—but the poem loses nothing of its characteristic energy and beauty:

Have they trod down the mighty? By sea and by shore
Shall our name be a watchword and terror no more?
Hath the eagle been hurled from his throne in the air?
Will the fox find a home in the grim lion's lair?
Have they trod down the mighty?—the [illegible]

[illegible]

THE AUTUMN WIND.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON

[illegible]

THE IRISH IMMIGRANT'S FEVER.

[illegible]

INCREDIBLE MARRIAGE.

[illegible]

REMARKABLE CASE OF DECEPTION.

[illegible]

FROM THE NEW YORK EXPRESS

BABY JUMPERS.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD

They tell of a ring that is ever enchanted,
By light tripping fairies, in summer nights haunted;
And they say that whoever shall step but within it
Has only to wish for some treasure, to win it!
A fable no longer! behold in its glory
The dear fairy thing that they talk of in story,
With its magical music, its toys and its treasures,
A gay charmed circle of exquisite pleasures.
And here sits a fay, with her blue eyes up-glancing,
Her tiny hands spread and her little feet dancing;
While her soft, rippling coo, like a ring-dove's, is heard,
To tell her sweet rapture! the beauty! the bird!
A health, oh inventor of blest Baby Jumpers—
A health in the richest and rarest of bumpers!
The sage and the seer are foretelling a year
When all shall be peace in this sad little sphere,
When the poor shall rejoice and the bondmen go free—
But the MOTHER shall owe her millennium to thee.
Away with all jolting and tossing forever;
The croon and the lullaby-murmur then never!
Only leave the babe-queen in the circle enchanted
Each wish of her dear little heart shall be granted!
Let her mount her gay throne and away in the air
She rises o'er sorrow and dances off care;
Descending, her tiny foot but touches the floor,
And up through the ring she is floating once more.
Her happy laugh echoes, the silver bells ringing,
She seems a young spirit through the air her way winging;
And her soft rippling coo, like the ring-dove's, is heard
To tell her sweet rapture—the beauty! the bird!

JENNY LIND.

A Mr. Hargrave Jennings has furnished a sketch of the life of Jenny Lind for the "People's Journal," of London, from which we make the following extracts:—

She resided for some short time with Mrs. Grote, and then domesticated herself in a cottage at Old Brompton, next door to the Rosery [illegible]

[illegible]

Science and Art.

THE MANUFACTURE OF STOCKINGS.

[illegible]

TO GIVE TIN THE BRIGHTNESS AND BRILLIANCY OF SILVER.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

TO THE EMIGRATION OF 1845.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

RECEIPTS.

[illegible]

Fun and Frolic.

CLAM SOUP.

A few days ago, just before dinner time, a hungry looking man entered the Refectory of Mr. Warner—and propounded the usual interrogatory,

"Is this the place where they keep Clam Soup?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Warner, "how much will you have?"

"Well," replied the customer, "I guess I'll take three cents' worth."

"*Three cents' worth!*" exclaimed the astonished host; "why, man-alive, where are you going to put three cents' worth? You certainly won't pretend to eat that quantity at one time!"

"How do you sell it?" asked the astonished countryman.

"One cent a gallon!"

"Well, I'll try a gallon!" said the countryman, as he leisurely took a seat in one of the boxes.

Mr. Warner, who felt in the humor for a joke, measured out a gallon of Clam Soup, and had it carried to the customer. He commenced devouring it, and after several temporary suspensions in order to wipe away the perspiration, and breathe freer, he at length found the bottom of his soup dish. Mr. W. inquired of the customer whether he didn't want more? He replied negatively, and inquired of Mr. Warner—

"How in the world do you manage to make soup so cheap?"

"Why," said Mr. Warner, "in the spring we buy about a hundred clams—put them into a hogshead of water, and by occasionally throwing in a few crackers, and sufficient pepper and salt, in a few weeks have the soup ready for use, and can keep it the whole year round."

"Well, now, ain't that fust rate? What d'you ask for the receipt?"

"For a country right, I ask fifty dollars; thirty dollars for a township, and three dollars for a family right!"

"That'll just suit us, for we don't get clams whar I live, more than once a year. The next time I come down, I guess I'll buy a *family right!* *I'm desperate fond of Clam Soup myself!*"—*Trenton State Gazette.*

FORK STAKES.—A politician in Lancaster offered to bet five dollars in property on the result of the election in our precinct, provided a stakeholder could be found who would hold the stakes in his hands. The politician found that the precinct was [illegible]

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

ENIGMA.

[illegible]

RIDDLE.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]

OLD MAIDS.

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL

I am a lover of all womankind,
And maidens old are not *old maids* to me.
Though beauty flees, there still remains the mind
And mind is surely better company!
What tho' the harp be new and trimmed with gold!
Does sweeter music tremble in its tone,
Than when the gaudy polish has grown old,
And naught is left but sweet accord alone?
Or is the gem held in less high esteem,
Because the casket is defaced by time?
A woman's mind a priceless gem I deem—
Her heart a harp that music yields sublime
No wonder then that years hide not from me
The jewels glow—the harp's sweet melody.

ENGLISH HOUSE OF REFUGE.

In England, where imprisonment for debt is still the barbarous practice, a seat in Parliament, which secures a debtor from arrest, is quite an object. At the recent election, Mr. Blackstone, the candidate for Wallingford, was closely besieged by the Sheriff of Bucks and his officers; to avoid whom he had himself escorted into that town by a mounted guard of farmers, armed with heavy whips, and a special force of footpads, wielding heavy bludgeons round his own carriage. Being obliged to sleep at the Bank in the town to avoid the risk of returning to his own country seat, he publicly requested from the windows of that establishment the protection of the assembled mob from the threatened legal process, while he went to hear the Mayor declare the state of the poll, when, being fully invested with the privileges of a legislator, he might, with perfect ease and security, defy the ordinary course of law. The mob lent him ready help by forming a sort of hedge, and Mr. Blackstone was enabled to complete the ceremony of taking refuge from his debts in the Parliamentary sanctuary. We may congratulate the debtors of England upon having at least one representative who can fully sympathise with their fears, if he has declined sharing their sufferings.

Agricultural.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

[illegible]

IMPORTANT PROCESS.

[illegible]

EFFICACY OF SALT AS A MANURE.

[illegible]